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Chairman of Religion Work and for  
Committee, Boston, Mass.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## One Way Out.

Toward eight in the evening, after a day-long search through all his accustomed haunts, Ember ran Whitaker to earth in the dining room of the Primordial. The young man, alone at table, was in the act of topping off an excellent dinner with a still more excellent cordial and a super-excellent cigar.

He wore rough tweeds, and they were damp and buggy; his boots were muddy; his hair was a trifle disorderly. The ensemble made a figure wildly incongruous to the soberly splendid and stately dining hall of the Primordial club, with its sparse patronage of members in evening dress.

Ember, himself as severely beautiful in black and white as the ceremonious livery of today permits a man to be, was wonder-struck at sight of Whitaker in such unconventional guise, at such a time, in such a place. With neither invitation nor salutation, he slipped into a chair on the other side of the table, and stared.

Whitaker smiled benignantly upon him, and called a waiter.

Ember, always abstemious, lifted his hand and smiled a negative smile.

Whitaker dismissed the waiter.

"Well . . . ?" he inquired cheerfully.

"What right have you got to look like that?" Ember demanded.

"The right of every free-born American citizen to make an ass of himself according to the dictates of his conscience. I've been exploring the dark backwards and abyss of the Bronx—ah, got caught in the rain on the way home. Was late getting back, and dropped in here to celebrate."

"I've been looking for you everywhere, since morning."

"I suspected you would be. That's why I went walking—to be lonesome and thoughtful for once in a way."

Ember stroked his chin with thoughtful fingers.

"You've heard the news, then?"

"In three ways," Whitaker returned, with calm.

"How's that—three ways?"

"Through the newspapers, the billboards, and from the lips of my wife."

Ember opened his eyes wide.

"You've been to see her?"

"She called this morning."

But Ember interrupted, thrusting a ready and generous hand across the table:

"My dear man, I am glad!"

Whitaker took the proffered hand readily and firmly. "Thank you. . . . I was saying: she called this morning to inform me that, though wedded once, we must be strangers now—and evermore!"

"But you—of course—you argued that nonsense out of her head."

"To the contrary—again."

"But—my dear man—you said you were celebrating; you permitted me to congratulate you just now—"

"The point is," said Whitaker, with a bland and confident grin; "I've succeeded in arguing that nonsense out of my head—not here—mine."

Ember gave a helpless gesture. "I'm afraid this is one of my stupid nights."

"I mean that, though Mary ran away from me, wouldn't listen to reason, I have, in the course of an afternoon's hard tramping, come to the conclusion that there is nothing under the sun which blinds me to sit back and accept whatever treatment she purposes according to my courtesy of Jules Max."

Whitaker bent forward, his countenance discovering a phase of seriousness hitherto masked by his twisted smile.

"I mean I'm tired of all this poppycock. Unless I'm an infatuated ass, Mary loves me with all her heart. She has made up her mind to renounce me partly because Max has worked upon her feelings by painting some lurid picture of his imminent artistic and financial damnation if she leaves him, partly because she believes, or has been led to believe, in this 'destroying angel' moonshine. Now she's got to listen to reason. So, likewise, Max."

"You're becoming more human word by word," commented Ember with open approval. "Continue; elucidate; I can understand how a fairly resolute lover with the gift of gab can talk a weak-minded, fond female into denying her pet superstition; but how you're going to get around Max passes my comprehension. The man unquestionably has her under contract—"

"But you forgot his god is Mammon," Whitaker put in. "Max will do anything in the world for money. Therein resides the kernel of my plan. It's simplicity itself: I'm going to buy him."

"Body—artistic soul—and breeches," Whitaker affirmed confidently.

"Impossible!"

"You forget how well fixed I am. What's the use of my owning half the gold in New Guinea if it won't buy me what I already own by every moral and legal right?"

"He won't listen to you; you don't know Max."

"I'm willing to lay you a small bet that there will be no first performance at the Theater Max tomorrow night."

He was only vaguely conscious that Max, at length satisfied, barked a word to that effect to an unseen electrician off to the left, and waving his hand with a gesture indelibly associated with his personality, dragged a light cane-seated chair to the left of the proscenium and sat himself down.

"All ready?" he demanded in a sharp and ferocious voice.

The woman on the marble step nodded imperceptibly.

"Go ahead," snapped the manager.

An actor advanced from the wings, paused and addressed the seated woman. His lines were brief. She lifted her head with a startled air, listening. He ceased to speak, and her voice of golden velvet filled the house with the flowing beauty of its unforgettably sweet modulations. Beyond the footlights a handful of sophisticated and skeptical habitués of the theater forgot for the moment their ingrained incredulity and thrilled in sympathy with the wonderful rupture of that voice of eternal youth.

Whitaker himself for the time forgot that he was the husband of this woman and her lover; she moved before his vision in the guise of some divine creature, divinely unattainable, a dream woman divorced utterly from any semblance of reality.

That opening scene was one perhaps unique in the history of the stage. Composed by Max in some mad, poetical moment of inspired plagiarism, it not only owned a poignant and enthralling beauty of imagery, but it moved with an almost Grecian certitude, with a significance extraordinarily direct and devoid of circumlocution, seeming to lay bare the living tissue of immortal drama.

But with the appearance of other characters there came a change; the rare atmosphere of the opening began to dissipate perceptibly. The action clouded and grew gray. The auditors began to feel the flutterings of uncertainty in the air. Something was failing to cross the footlights. The sweeping and assured gesture of the accomplished playwright faltered; a clumsy bit of construction was damagingly exposed; faults of characterization multiplied depressingly. Sara Law herself lost an indestructible proportion of her rare and provoking charm; the strangeness of failing to hold her audience in an ineluctable grasp seemed at once to nuzzle and distress her. Max himself seemed suddenly to wake to the amazing fact that there was something enormously and irretrievably wrong; he began with exasperating frequency to halt the action, to interrupt scenes with advice and demands for repetition. He found it impossible to be still, to keep his seat or control his rasping, irritable voice. Subordinate characters on the stage took their heads and either forgot to act or overacted. And then—intolerable climax—of a sudden somebody in the orchestra chairs laughed in outright derision in the middle of a passage meant to be tenderly emotional.

The voice of Sara Law broke and fell. She stood trembling and unstrung. Max, without a word, turned on his heel and swung out of sight into the wings. Four other actors on the stage, aside from Sara Law, hesitated and drew together in doubt and bewilderment. And then, abruptly, with no warning whatever, the illusion of gloom in the auditorium and moonlight in the proscenium was rent away by the glare of the full complement of electric lights installed in the house.

A thought later, while still all were blinking and gasping with surprise, Max strode into view just behind the footlights. Biting, he swept the array of auditors with an ominous and truculent stare.

So quickly was this startling change consummated that Whitaker had no more than time to realize the reappearance of the manager before he caught his wrathful and venomous glance fixed to his own bewildered face. And something in the light that flickered wildly behind Max's eyes reminded him so strongly of a similar expression he had remarked in the eyes of Drummond, the night the latter had been captured by Ember and Sam Pat, that in alarm he half rose from his seat.

Simultaneously he saw Max spring toward the box, with a distorted and snarling countenance. He was tugging at something in his pocket. It appeared in the shape of a heavy pistol.

Instantly Whitaker was caught and tripped by Ember and sent sprawling on the floor of the box. As this happened, he heard the voice of the Bre- arm, sharp and vicious—a single report.

Unhurt, he picked himself up in time to catch a glimpse of Max, on the stage, momentarily helpless in the embrace of a desperate and frantic woman who had caught his arms from behind and, presumably, had so deflected his aim. In the same breath Ember, who had leaped to the railing round the box, threw himself across the footlights with the little certainty of a beast of prey and, seemingly in as many deft motions, knocked the pistol from the manager's hand, wrested him from the arms of the actress, laid him flat and knelt upon him.

With a single bound Whitaker followed him to the stage; in another he had his wife in his arms and was soothing her first transports of semi-hysterical terror.

It was possibly a quarter of an hour later when Ember paused before a door in the ground-floor dressing-room gangway of the Theater Max—a door distinguished by the initials "S. L." in the center of a golden star. With some hesitation, with even a little diffidence, he lifted a hand and knocked.

At once the door was opened by the maid, Elise. Recognizing Ember, she smiled and stood aside, making way for him to enter the small, curtained lobby.

"Madam—and monsieur," she said with smiling significance, "told me to show you in at once, Monsieur Ember."

From behind the curtains, Whitaker's voice lifted up impatiently:

"That you, old man? Come right in."

Nodding to the maid, Ember thrust aside the portieres and stepped into the brightly lighted dressing room, then paused, bowing and smiling his self-contained, tolerant smile; in appearance as imperturbable and well-groomed as though he had just escaped from the attentions of a valet, rather than from a furious hand-to-hand tussle with a vicious monomaniac.

Mary Whitaker, as yet a little pale and distraught, and still in costume, was reclining on a chaise-longue. Whitaker was standing close beside her; his face the theater of conflicting emotions; Ember, at least, thought with a shrewd glance to recognize a pulsating light of joy beneath a mask of interest and distress and a dash of embarrassment.

"I am intruding?" he suggested gravely, with a slight turn as if offering to withdraw.

"No."

The word faltering on the lips of Mary Whitaker was lost in an emphatic iteration by Whitaker.

"Sit down!" he insisted. "As if we'd let you escape now, after you'd kept us here in suspense!"

He offered a chair, but Ember first advanced to take the hand held out to him by the woman on the chaise-longue.

"You are feeling—more composed?" he inquired.

Her gaze met his bravely. "I am—troubled, perhaps—but happy," she said.

"Then I am very glad," he said, smiling at the delicate color that enhanced her exquisite beauty as she made the confession. "I had hoped as much." He looked from the one to the other. "You have . . . made up your minds?"

The wife answered for both: "It is settled, dear friend: I can struggle no longer. I thought myself a strong woman; I have tried to believe myself a genius bound upon the wheel of an ill-starred destiny; but I find I am—the glorious voice trembled slightly—"Only a woman in love and no stronger than her love."

"I am very glad," Ember repeated, "for both your sakes. It's a happy consummation of my dearest wishes."

"We owe you everything," Whitaker said with feeling, dropping an awkward hand on the other's shoulder.

"It was you who threw us together, down there on the Great West bay, so that we learned to know one another."

"I plead guilty to that little plot—yes," Ember laughed. "But, best of all, this comes at just the right time—the right time, when there can no longer be any doubts or questions or misunderstandings, no ground for further fears and apprehensions, when 'the destroying angel' of your 'ill-starred destiny,' my dear—he turned to the woman—"is exorcised—banished—proscribed!"

"Max!" Whitaker struck in explosively.

"Is on his way to the police station, well guarded," Ember affirmed with a nod and a grim smile. "I have his confession, roughly jotted down, but signed, and attested by several witnesses. . . . I'm glad you were out of the way; it was rather a painful scene, and disorderly; it wouldn't have been pleasant for Mrs. Whitaker."

We had the decree of a time clearing the theater: human curiosity is a tremendously persistent and resistant force. And then I had some trouble dealing with the misplaced loyalty of the staff of the house. . . . However, eventually I got Max to myself—alone, that is, with several men I could depend on. And then I heartlessly put him through the third degree—forestalling my friends, the police. By dint of asserting as truths and personal discoveries what I merely suspected, I broke down his denials. He owned up, doggedly enough, and yet with that singular pride which I have learned to associate with some phases of homicidal mania. . . . I won't distress you with details; the truth is that Max was quite mad on the subject of his luck; he considered it, as I suspected, indissolubly associated with Sara Law. When poor Clara committed suicide, he saved Max from ruin and innocently showed him the way to save himself thereafter, when he felt in peril, by assassinating Hamilton and later Thurston. Drummond only cheated a little late, and you"—turning to Whitaker—"escaped by the narrowest shave. Max hadn't meant to run the risk of putting you out of the way unless he thought it absolutely necessary, but the failure of his silly play in rehearsal tonight, coupled with the discovery that you were in the theater, drove him temporarily insane with hate, chagrin and jealousy."

Concluding, Ember rose. "I must follow him now to the police station. . . . I shall see you both soon again."

The woman gave him both her hands. "There's no way to thank you," she said—"our dear, dear friend!"

"No way," Whitaker echoed regretfully.

"No way?" Ember laughed quietly, holding her hands tightly clasped. "But I see you together—happy—Oh, believe me, I am fully thanked!"

Bowing, he touched his lips gently to both hands, released them with a little sigh that ended in a contented chuckle, exchanged a short, firm grasp with Whitaker, and left them.

Whitaker, following almost immediately to the gangway, found Ember had already left the theater.

For some minutes he wandered to and fro in the gangway, passing now and again on the borders of the deserted stage. There were but few of the house staff visible, and those few were methodically busy with preparations to close up. Beyond the dismal gutter of the footlights the auditorium yawned cavernous and shadowy, peopled only by rows of chairs ghostly in their dust-cloths. The street entrances were already closed, locked and dark. On the stage a single cluster stand of electric bulbs made visible the vast, gloomy dome of the flies and the whitewashed walls against

which pictures of scenery and painted like cards. An electrician in his street clothes lounged beside the doorkeeper's cubicle, at the stage entrance, smoking a cigarette and conferring with the doorman while subjecting Whitaker to a curious and antagonistic stare. The muffled rumble of their voices was the only sound audible, aside from an occasional rattle of bootheels in the gangways as one actor after another left his dressing room and hastened to the street, knee-set for the clash of gossamer tongues in theatrical clubs and restaurants.

Gradually the building grew more and more empty and silent, until at length Whitaker was left alone with the shadows and the two employees. These last betrayed signs of impatience. He himself felt a little sympathy for their temper. Women certainly did take an unconscionable time to dress!

At length he heard them hurrying along the lower gangway, and turned to join his wife at the stage entrance. Elise passed on, burdened with two heavy handbags, and disappeared into the rain-washed alleyway. The electrician detached his shoulders from

the wall, ground his cigarette under heel and lounged over to the switchboard.

Mary Whitaker turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's.

"Wait," she begged in a whisper. "I want to see"—her breath checked—"the end of it all."

They heard hissings and clickings at the switchboard. The gangway lights vanished in a breath. The single cluster stand on the stage disappeared—and the house was blotted out utterly with its extinguishment. There remained alight only the single dull bulb in the doorman's cubicle.

Whitaker slipped an arm round his wife. She trembled within his embrace.

"Black out," she said in a gentle and regretful voice; "the last exit; Curtain—End of the Play!"

"No," he said in a voice of sublime confidence—"no; it's only the prologue curtain. Now for the play, dear heart—the real play—"

life . . . love

THE END.

Feat of a Baseball Pitcher.

Just one pitcher in the history of baseball—that is, a hurler who was working in a league of recognized standing and class—is credited with pitching two complete games in succession wherein the opposing batters failed to register a base hit. A big pitcher sailing under the name of Gene Wright, who hurled for the Dayton club of the Western association back in 1901, on Sept. 1 of that season pitched a no hit, no run game against Columbus. He followed up this feat by turning the same trick against the Grand Rapids team on Sept. 4.—New York Sun.

Tibet.

Tibet is all mountains and valleys. There is scarcely a plain worthy of the name. The mountain passes are at a high altitude and crossed only with great difficulty. The valleys are well populated, but the cities are small and the houses crude buildings of mud walls. The streets are narrow and dirty. Northern Tibet is peopled largely by nomad tribes, while in the south there is a more settled population.

Bright Child.

"How long has your daughter been studying art?"

"Five years, and she has made great progress. She can talk about motifs and atmosphere and such things in such a way as to make you think she knows perfectly what she means."—Chicago Tribune.

The Kitchen Closet.

Glass is an ideal shelving for a kitchen closet, as it can be kept clean so easily. If this is too costly paint the shelves white and give a coat of enamel. This is easily scrubbed and does away with the necessity of kern catching papers.

Wycliffe's Bible.

John Wycliffe completed the translation of the whole Bible for the first time into the language of the English people. He was born near Richmond, in Yorkshire, England, about 1321.

His Advantage.

"How many miles can you go on a gallon?"

"How many can you?"

"I asked you first."—Life.

Making It Easy.

Doctor—Take this medicine after each meal. Patient—But my meals come in regular doses. Doctor—Well, take it before each meal.

Dents in Wood Furniture.

When wood is badly dented or scratched it is often a problem to know how to get rid of the marks. This is quite easy if the following plan, suggested by the Scientific American, is adopted. First of all fold a piece of blotting paper at least four times, then saturate with water, finally allowing the superfluous moisture to drip away. Now heat a flatiron until it is about the warmth required for laundry work. Place the damp blotting paper over the dent and press firmly with the iron. As soon as the paper dries examine the mark. It will then be found that the cavity has filled up to a surprising extent. Where the dent is very deep a second or even a third application on the lines indicated might be tried. Sooner or later even serious depressions can be drawn up, and most people who have not tried this plan will be surprised at the result of the treatment. Repolishing will clear away even the slight marks that might finally remain.

A Chinese Hero.

At Loping Hsien is a statue draped in full dress of a mandarin (the putting or police master) named Chia, who gave his life for the people. An exile who was in the camp at Jacobow and who owed the helen (district magistrate) a grudge, rode a black horse to Loping and, having killed the helen, got back for the Jacobow roll call next morning. As the murderer could not be found orders came from the capital that a large number of the people should be killed. To prevent this slaughter of innocent folk the putting, a good old man, said he stabbed the helen after a few words over the wine cups, and he was consequently beheaded. No resident of the district would den the fatal blow, but an itinerant cobbler or bamboo worker did it for a reward of 40 taels. Tradition adds that he was struck dead by lightning after leaving the execution ground.

Tennyson's Tactlessness.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings.

Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it for fear his hostess might be vexed.

On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm.

"I heard you like these, so I brought them," he said genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

Quick Hitting.

Dr. White was once a champion boxer in Philadelphia. One day he asked a big teamster to move his wagon forward about two yards, but the teamster, instead of doing that, called the physician a wicked man.

Like a flash White knocked him flat in the gutter, and of course the teamster had him arrested. Magistrate Devlin heard the case, and the injured man complained bitterly that Dr. White had struck him so quickly he had no time to defend himself.

"Well," said the hardheaded magistrate, "what did you expect him to do—send you a postal card to tell you he intended to knock you down?"

The doctor was discharged without a fine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Moving Pictures and Silver.

The moving picture industry is using a large amount of silver. There are about 20,000 picture houses in the United States, using approximately 120,000,000 feet of film regularly. The average life of a film is three weeks. Silver salts, used for sensitizing, are lost forever on being exposed to the light. It is estimated that 13,000,000 ounces of silver a year—a figure equal to Utah's total production—are used for this purpose.—Metal Mining Journal.

Insurance a Luxury.

To an old dandy hailed before him a southern judge put this question: "Why did you burn your house down just after getting it insured?"

"Whereupon the dandy replied: 'You know, a poor man like me can't afford to have a house and insurance too.'—Case and Comment.

Alligators' Eggs.

Alligators often lay from thirty to sixty eggs in a single nest. The eggs are similar in shape to those of a duck and about three inches in length. When they first appear the young alligators are about the same size as lizards and almost as lively.

Ambiguous.

When Atkins was away from home on a long business trip he got a letter from his wife that still puzzled him. It ended thus:

"Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping that you are the same. I remain, your loving wife."

He Succeeded.

"Is that Eddie Jones, the artist, with an automobile? I never thought he would succeed."

"He succeeded to a million dollars from his grandmother."—Puck.

Summed Up.

Kicker—Of what does a shad consist? Bocker—A backbone, a wishbone, a funny bone and then some.—Chicago Herald.

Nothing is more simple than greatness. Indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

The True View.

The late James J. Hill was a man of important optimism.

"Failures," he once said in an address to railway men, "are always pessimists. Successes, on the other hand, are optimists. Which is right?"

He paused, then added:

"It's easier to slip down hill than to climb up, but the view, remember, is at the top."



## A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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Jones—Does my daughter's piano practice annoy you?

Neighbor—Oh, not at all. But tell me what does she wear—mittens or knitted gloves?—Life.

Crowded Gibraltar.

In no place on the surface of the globe is there so high a population density as at Gibraltar, the reason being that the geographical position of the town precludes the possibility of its being extended in any direction. A long, narrow strip of what was once sea beach is alone available for building purposes. All the rest is precipitous rock.

Upon this narrow parapet, in some cases less than 100 yards in width, are crowded the homes of 25,000 people. As much as a sovereign a week is asked and obtained for the use of one small unfurnished room, and this, too, in a place where the normal rate of wages is quite 70 per cent less than in England. Naturally the overcrowding is fearful, and the water supply being scarce and intermittent, cleanliness of living, as we understand it, is almost impossible.

No wonder that in the old days the plague and the cholera ravaged the "Rock" with a virulence unknown even in the filthiest and pestiferous cities of the far east.—London Opinion.

How Ivy Climbs a Wall.

At first ivy is a little plant with a brittle stem and leaves of three or five lobes. As it grows the stem becomes less brittle, and it finds nothing to which to cling it creeps along the ground, sending down tufts of fibrous roots. These roots, however, appear only when they can be actually used to the advantage of the plant. If the ivy climbs a wall its stem throws out a number of tufted filers, or claspers, by the aid of which the plant can cling to the wall. These claspers are really modified roots and do not penetrate the wall, but merely cling in sucker fashion to the irregularities of the surface. They are produced from all the parts of the stem nearest to the wall, but if the ivy is creeping along the ground the claspers, being useless, are not produced at all. The tufts of fibrous roots which the plant throws out when it is growing on the ground are produced only from those parts of the stem that are opposite to the leaves.—Kansas City Star.

Then They Knew.

George and Ethel were married a few weeks ago and returned from their honeymoon to a ducky little villa garnished throughout with the usual valuable but useless silverware and jewelry which kind friends shower upon the newly married.

The day after their arrival two tickets for a west end theater reached them, accompanied by a little scented note bearing the simple message, "Guess who sent them?" They found it impossible to identify the donor, but nevertheless decided to use them.

At the end of a pleasant evening they returned home to find the place stripped of everything. On the dining room table lay another little scented note bearing the legend, "Now you know!"—Pearson's.

He Understood.

As the automobile that had hit him vanished in the distance the victim sat up and slowly rubbed his head.

"The city should build crossings below grade for pedestrians," he said. "These streets really aren't safe for automobile drivers any more. Every time they drive fast they hit some one, and lots of foolish people cross the street diagonally, as I did, instead of at the crossings."

Then he sank back and let the ambulance take him away. He was an automobile owner himself.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Charity Begins at Home.

The absentminded Professor Lumpkin is always so shabbily dressed and presents altogether such a broken down appearance that the other day on seeing his own image reflected in a large mirror he drew out his purse to give himself a look.—Lustige Blaetter.

Philosophy.

"Pa, what is philosophy?"

"Philosophy, my boy, is the gentle art of letting your creditors do all the worrying."

Spinsters in Russia.

In Russia an unmarried woman remains under control of her parents until her or their death.

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PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Scurvy During Infancy.

Infants and young children suffer from scurvy more than is frequently realized. The cause of scurvy is due to a lack of acids in the diet. A mild grade of scurvy develops in infants who are artificially fed on pasteurized milk. Babies fed exclusively on pasteurized milk need orange juice between milk feedings to prevent scurvy.

Young children will frequently be seen to have spongy, bleeding gums, swollen joints and even hemorrhage blood spots under the skin, all of which are caused by scurvy and all of which promptly disappear when fruit juices are liberally supplied in the diet.

Children past infancy may have any fruit, such as pineapple juice, raspberry, blackberry, grape or orange juice. Fresh green vegetables are needed to keep off scurvy. Spinach and lettuce for young children and onions, asparagus, celery, tomatoes and cabbage for older children. Give every child orange or pineapple juice for its breakfast. Start the meal with it and there will be no scurvy.

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Rise a Little Higher.

Those who live on the mountains have a longer day than those who live in the valleys. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.

A man ought never to quarrel with a woman. He should bear her nonsense in silence.—Napoleon.

Value of Education.

"Every day spent in school the child earns \$9."

This statement was made by Wisconsin's state superintendent, who bases his estimate on the official records of the bureau of education at Washington. Here is what he offers as proof of the statement:

"Uneducated laborers earn on the average \$500 a year for forty years, a total of \$20,000.

"High school graduates earn on an average \$1,000 a year for forty years, a total of \$40,000.

"This education requires twelve years of school of 180 days each, a total of 2,160 days. If 2,160 days at school add \$20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds \$9.02.

"Forceful as this summarization of earnings is," said the superintendent, "it tells but one side of the story—the money side. Back of this can be seen improved standards of living, more intelligent and progressive communities and a stronger national life."—Chicago Herald.

Icy Cold Winters.

In the winter of 1759 New York harbor was frozen over and troops passed from New York to Staten Island. New York bay was frozen over in the latter part of January, 1821, and sleighs passed over the Hudson river from Cortlandt street to Jersey City. On Feb. 3, 1834, Long Island sound was frozen over a few miles above New York. On Jan. 20, 1852, the East river was frozen over, and hundreds passed over both ways between Brooklyn and New York. On Feb. 10 and 11, 1853, the East river was frozen over so that the people passed over freely. On Jan. 23, 1857, the East river was bridged over with ice, and 5,000 persons passed over. On Feb. 12, 1875, the East river was completely bridged over for over three and one-half hours. During the blizzard of March 12, 1888, the East river was frozen over so completely for several hours that hundreds passed over both ways.—Magazine of American History.

First Prohibition Act.

The first prohibitive measure was that of the Saxon King Edgar, who, nearly a thousand years ago, on the advice of Dunstan, put down many alehouses, allowing only one to exist in any village or small town and at the same time limiting the draught of the drinkers. The common drinking cup of that day held about two quarts, and Edgar had eight pints placed at stated distances in each cup, heavy penalties being imposed on those who drank from one pint to another in each three. Neither the world nor the result of this act ever changed. It is successors to further action, and the next prohibitive legislation on the sale of liquor is due to Henry VII, who, by an act against vagabonds and beggars in the year 1493, gave power to any two justices of the peace to stop the common selling of strong ale in towns and any other places they thought necessary.—London Mirror.

Three Kinds of Secondhand Books.

"How much is this book?" a prospective customer asked the second hand book dealer. It was a volume of essays.

"That is a 'reading book' and sells for 50 cents," the dealer answered.

The prospective customer looked puzzled, so the secondhand book man went on to explain:

"I have been in this business a good many years, both here and in other cities, and I have found that everywhere the general secondhand book buying public divides books into three classes and asks for them accordingly.

"A paper backed book is a 'novel.'"

"A cloth bound novel, however, is a 'fiction book.'"

"Everything else in bound literature comes under the classification of 'reading books.'"—Kansas City Star.

Different Schools.

Dean Hole, who was the pioneer of rose shows in England, was fond of telling this story:

At Cambridge a horticultural show was suddenly invaded by a heavenly host of sweet girl graduates.

"Madam," said a member of the executive to the lady in whose charge they came, "may I point out that this is a school for horticulture and not for husbandry?"

To Drop Medicines.

When you have no medicine dropper try this method: Shake the bottle so as to moisten the cork. With the wet end of the cork moisten the edges of the mouth of the bottle, then, holding the cork under the mouth, let the liquid pass over the cork in dripping.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Cast. H. Fletcher.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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# DEUTSCHLAND'S SECOND TRIP

Accomplished Without Meeting  
Ships of the Enemy

TWENTY-ONE DAYS ON OCEAN

Joy on Board Mother Ship Willehad  
When Koenig and His Crew Safely  
Arrive at New London—Same Men,  
With Two Exceptions, as Those  
Who Made Previous Trip

New London, Nov. 2.—Safe from Atlantic perils after buffeting through October gales, the German submarine freighter Deutschland is docked here. Twenty-one days out from Bremen, she hummed through the Long Island sound under harbor with her crew of twenty-five men happy and healthy and her valuable cargo of rare medicines and dyes intact.

On her trip of twenty-one days to this country, the Deutschland submerged only 120 miles—near the English coast. If the crew saw any British or French warships on her trip, Captain Koenig would not admit it. "At any rate, they didn't see us," he is quoted as saying.

A Scott tug, bearing Captain Blum of the Deutsche Ocean Liners, Deutschland owners, showed "Willkommen" to his friend, Koenig, the smiling skipper. The tug cast her line and she dragged triumphantly into the inner harbor.

Health and custom officers waived United States regulations on the word of Koenig that the crew was healthy and allowed her to pass quarantine without waiting for dawn.

Up past sleepy Groton, opposite New London, passing about freight ships, the Deutschland swept majestically into the state pier, was fenced in by a boarded screen, and transferred her men to the North German Lloyd liner Willehad, alongside.

The Willehad had waited long for the coming of a sub-sea freighter and members of her crew were despondent over unmistakable evidence that the Bremen, another freighter, had perished. So there was joy when Koenig and his sturdy Germans set foot aboard the "mother ship."

Lieutenant Krapohl and the remainder of the crew of twenty-five—except those busy with the rudiments and complicated machinery below—were lined up along the submerging deck. In gray caps and gray sea jackets they were picturesque beneath the flaring oil lamps of the tug.

They were the same men, with two exceptions, as the crew that rode into Baltimore previously. One of the new adventurers was a lad apparently not more than 15 years old.

The sleepy, ancient whaling town was actually started at the Deutschland's arrival. Rumors followed rumors about submarines, until staid New London wearied of them and disbelieved them. So there were only a few stragglers to witness her coming.

While here the Deutschland crew will eat and sleep aboard the Willehad. She was well provisioned and the men had fresh meat and vegetables—and a little beer—after living on tinned meats, bread and vegetables.

Just the exact contents of the Deutschland are not known, for the manifest has not been made public, but it is certain that there are jewels, medicines of great scarcity in this country, drugs, chemicals and dyestuffs of high value, besides stocks and bonds. A conservative estimate of the value is given as \$10,000,000.

Koenig had questions fired at him with the rapidity of shots from a machine gun by the large squad of newspapermen present. That he has a keen sense of humor was evident to all present, for he frequently laughs at little jokes or asides he or other members of the company make.

Koenig said that he feels sure that the Bremen has gone to the bottom through an accident of some kind—possibly through hitting a mine. It sailed Aug. 25, and had supplies for a period of sixty days on board. He said that there is such a merchant submarine as the Amerika.

It was Oct. 10 that Captain Koenig and his crew set sail from Bremen.

U-53 ELUDES ENEMY

Submarine Which Visited Newport Has Returned to Germany

Berlin, Nov. 1.—The German submarine U-53 has returned safely to a German port, according to official announcement.

The German submarine, in command of Lieutenant Captain Rose, arrived at Newport, R. I., from Wilhelmshaven on Oct. 7, and departed after a stay of three hours. In the course of the next day, the U-53 sank the ship of the American coast.

# DISPUTE REVIVED BY MARINA CASE

Question of Ship's Right to Arm  
Had Apparently Lapsed

Washington, Nov. 2.—Reopening of the entire armed merchantman controversy between this government and Germany is certain. If it is played the British steamer Marina was armed at the time she was sunk by a German submarine, statements of the navy's landing indicated.

Whether merchantmen have the right to arm for defense is still an open question between this government and Germany, Lansing admitted. This question will be the principal one if negotiations develop with Germany over the death of six Americans on board the vessel.

While this government has maintained the right of merchantmen to arm for defense, Germany has never admitted it. This government has insisted that merchantmen may arm with any arms of not more than six inches in caliber. When discussion of this point arose during the Lusitania negotiations, the state department showed the Lusitania was unarmed. Without a concession by this government from its position or an admission by Germany that merchantmen might arm, the question was permitted to lapse.

WAR MATERIALS SEIZED

Several Arrests in Plot to Smuggle Arms into Mexico

Nogales, Ariz., Nov. 2.—Twelve additional arrests have been made in Tucson and two in Nogales in connection with the alleged plot to smuggle arms and ammunition into Sonora, Mex.

Eighteen rifles and 5000 rounds of ammunition were discovered in a Tucson cache and seized by federal officials.

Special agents of this department of justice before the United States commissioner swore to complaints against thirty persons.

PRICE OF RED SOX CLUB

One of New Owners Says It Was More Than a Million Dollars

Boston, Nov. 2.—The price paid for the Red Sox, champions of the world, was "over \$1,000,000." This statement was made by Harry H. Frazee, one of the new owners of the club. He added:

"I do not care to state the exact price paid. We bought the real estate and everything connected with the club. That pushes the figure beyond the amount I mention."

Old Circuit Rider Dead

Indianapolis, Nov. 2.—Rev. John Fox, 56, a circuit rider more than sixty years ago, when, as a minister of the Evangelical association, he had twenty-three churches in southern Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, died at his home here.

CONVICTED OF ARSON

Five Alleged Members of Boston "Trust" Held in Heavy Bail

Boston, Nov. 3.—The widespread crusade against the so-called "arson trust," in which some ninety-two defendants are involved, resulted late yesterday in five more convictions. In four cases nine defendants have been found guilty.

After being out two hours and forty minutes the jury in the case of Simon Levine and Samuel Elshner, charged with being instigators, and Israel Leventhal, Jacob Leventhal and Jacob Smaller, accused of setting fire to the building at 235-239 Dudley street on the night of Feb. 15, reported all guilty.

The defendants' faces plainly showed surprise and chagrin. When the jury reported on motion of Assistant District Attorney Haller the bail of each of the five men was increased \$2500, so that the bonds now range from \$5000 to \$10,000 in each case.

The five men were taken to jail, where Eddie Kandler, self confessed firebug, whose testimony is presumed to have had much to do with their conviction, has been confined since his arrest in New York in June.

THEREK STILL AT LARGE

Abducting Bank Messenger and Accomplice Elude Police

Boston, Nov. 3.—Edward Therek, bank robber and supposed tool of one of the most skilled women criminal leaders, is still being trailed to the west. With his female accomplice, he has eluded the traps set for him in New York and Philadelphia, according to detectives in pursuit.

In their flight the young couple are making no efforts to convert further checks or negotiable bonds stolen from the Shawmut National bank into ready cash.

Only the few checks cashed in Boston on the day that Therek, then a trusted messenger of the institution, disappeared with his satchel of \$21,000 in cash and negotiable securities and \$12,000 in checks have been returned to the bank.

Virginia on Water Wagon

Richmond, Nov. 1.—In obedience to the will of her selectors, as recently expressed, the state of Virginia climbed into the water wagon at midnight last night.

# FAMOUS FORT IS EVACUATED

Germans Quit Vaux After Stowing Up Portions of It

SCENE OF TERRIBLE FIGHTING

Loss of Life Runs into Tens of Thousands—Result of Storming For 236 Days of Chief Rock of Verdun Defense—Greece in Thrusts of Revolution of Large Proportions

London, Nov. 2.—Stormed at with shot and shell and dynamite for 236 days, first by French and then by French, Fort Vaux, one of the strong points of the outer ring of the Verdun defenses, is again in the hands of the French, who now hold all the famous heights of the Meuse against which the waves of Prussian infantry broke in vain during the first onslaught of the nine months' battle of Verdun.

The crown prince, between February and June, poured out German life by the tens of thousands on the slopes of this position. After the loss of Fort Douaumont in the early phases of the great battle in this sector Vaux was the chief rock of the French defense northeast of Verdun.

However faithful the German losses may have been at Hamont, Harbels and Douaumont, they pale into insignificance when compared with the awful holocausts which marked the fighting on the ground before Vaux, which was covered with grim heaps of massacred humanity.

The Germans evacuated Fort Vaux during the night, says their official report, without hindrance by the French and after portions of the fort had been blown up. The French continued to pour a heavy fire from their guns on the fortification.

Fort Vaux was captured by the Germans July 8, after a terrific battle. It occupied a strong position on the summit of a hill and the French had repeatedly repulsed storming attacks up its steep sides. The Germans systematically reduced the French defenses by constant artillery fire until the fort was no longer tenable.

On the other fighting fronts important successes have been obtained by the Italians in a further push forward in the Gorizia and Carso sectors through which they are trying to reach Trieste, and by the Germans in Volhynia, near Wilno, where Russian positions were stormed and captured and twenty-two officers and 1500 men were made prisoners.

After months of strife between the adherents of former Premier Venizelos and the supporters of King Constantine over the question of Greece's stand in the war, a revolution of considerable proportions has broken out in the region southwest of Salonica.

Only meagre details are at hand, but these show that 500 insurgents, probably followers of Venizelos, forced 150 royalist troops to evacuate Katerina, near the Gulf of Salonica, and retreat upon Larissa, forty miles southwest, in Thessaly, where they are expected to receive reinforcements.

The troops have received orders from King Constantine to prevent at all costs the advance of the revolutionists.

STRIKE VOTE DELAYED

Fall River Operatives May Reach Agreement With Manufacturers

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 2.—Five textile unions voted last night to accept the recommendations of the textile council that a vote on the question of striking for an increase in wages be postponed until Nov. 10.

This action was taken as a result of an announcement by representatives of the manufacturers that the latter would be prepared to take up the wage question on that date.

The spinners' union had voted to strike next Monday, but as the other unions expressed themselves in favor of waiting for the action of the manufacturers, the spinners announced that they would follow suit.

Held For Drowning of Twins

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 21.—Alburt J. Talbot of Fall River, who rowed the dory from which Eva and Della King, 10-year-old twins, were drowned, appeared in court here and pleaded not guilty to charges of drunkenness and criminal negligence. He was held in \$1000 until Nov. 3.

From Comedy to Tragedy

Chicago, Oct. 31.—After fifty-five years on the stage, Adolph Koppel, German comedian, killed himself by gas after complaining to friends that he was "growing too old to be funny." He was 75 years old.

Liquor Barred From Mail

Washington, Oct. 30.—Warning to postmasters that under no circumstances may intoxicating liquors be accepted for transportation through the mails was sent out from the post-office department.

# PORTSMOUTH.

(From a regular correspondent.)  
Invitations have been issued for a rally and supper in behalf of the Republican national and state candidates, to be held in Eureka Hall Saturday evening.

Mrs. John F. Chase has been looking over her house and has found a great many articles have been taken in the recent break there. Among the things missing are some of the prettiest silver Mr. and Mrs. Chase at their golden wedding anniversary. Mrs. Chase has decided to clear her house and store it in a safe.

Mrs. William Marchand of Fall River has been guest of Mrs. Carolyn D. Anthony and on Monday evening they sang at the Naval Training Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Chase are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

About 51 young people from Portsmouth and Fiverton went on a strawberry Saturday evening to Hunt's Mills where they spent the evening dancing. Many of them were in a large auto-truck, while several touring cars carried other members of the party. The tickets were unique and bore the words "Bring Love—no not families."

Miss Hattie Penbody of Middletown has been spending the week with her sister, Mrs. C. Woodman Chase.

Mrs. Henry Anthony of Quaker Hill is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John F. Spooner of Oliphant Road.

Mr. Winfred Carter has been engaged as manager by Mr. George B. Coggeshall of Greene's Lane and he began his duties there this week. He will move his family there and occupy the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. William Gifford, who has gone to be manager for Mrs. William R. Hunter of Newport.

Rev. Robert Downing, pastor of the Christian church, celebrated his birthday by entertaining the Community club. Mr. Andrew Walker, president of the club, presented Mr. Downing with a handsome Colonial clock, the gift of the club. Games were enjoyed during the evening and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mantion Chase entertained 25 children at their home on Glen street. The house was prettily decorated with flowers, crepe paper, black cats and witches. Supper was served and games were enjoyed by the little folk.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Chase and son of East Providence have been guests of Mr. Chase's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase.

Miss Josephine Fliske, of the Providence Deaconess Home, spoke at the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday morning.

Mr. Henry C. Anthony, Jr., entertained a party of young people recently in honor of his 21st birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Mott have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodbury of Boston.

Mr. William Henry Tallman is building a piece of stone road on Power street.

Mr. William T. Tallman has been ill at his home on Tutupike avenue.

There was a meeting in the interest of temperance at the Town Hall recently. Mr. Stewart Porcell sang, Miss Finis Macomber acting as accompanist. Six members of the Young People's Branch Women's Christian Temperance Union sang. Mrs. Eunice A. Greene introduced Mrs. Anna Tillinghast of Beverly, Mass., who gave a very interesting address. Rev. Edward A. Kelsey, Rev. Robert Downing and Rev. John F. Lowden had a part in the exercises.

Mr. Louis R. Chase, son of Mr. and Mrs. Constant Chase, who has been in Cranston for eight or ten months, has returned home.

The Ladies Aid of the Christian Church will hold a Christmas sale and supper December 7.

Mrs. Sarah C. Babcock, who had been ill for the past three months, died Monday at the home of her son Archibald in Wakefield, with whom she had made her home since the death of her husband some years ago. She was born in Portsmouth, the daughter of Benjamin and Sarah A. Tallman and one of a large family of children, only three of whom survive, Mrs. Letitia Freeborn, William T. and Frederick V. Tallman, all of this town. Mrs. Babcock spent all her early life here. She was twice married, her first husband being Wm. E. Fish and the second James Babcock. After her second marriage she went to Wakefield and had resided there since. She is survived by one son and one grandchild. She was much interested and active in church work and for many years was president of the Ladies Aid and Women's Christian Temperance Union in Wakefield and a member of several other church organizations. She was a good neighbor and a friend to all with whom she came in contact. The funeral was held Wednesday from her late home.



EZRA DIXON  
OF BRISTOL



EZRA DIXON  
OF BRISTOL

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## THIS BIRD LIVES ON FISH.

And He Doesn't Build a Nest, but Lives in a Sand Tunnel.

The belted kingfisher has a great taste for fish. Every day in Friday with him, because no matter how hungry he gets, he will eat nothing except fish. Wherever there are creeks, rivers, ponds or lakes the kingfishers are to be found.

His principal business in life seems to be diving into the water for fish. From his perch on a dead branch or as he hovers over the water this unusual bird spies a small fish. With a swoop and a splash and a dive he goes into the water and is out as quickly with the fish firmly held in his stout beak. As he emerges from the water a quick shake of the body sends the water flying from his oily feathers, and he is dry in short order. The fish is tossed into the air, caught again in the beak and swallowed head first.

Unlike most other birds, the kingfisher does not build his nest in trees, but seeks a sand bank, in which he digs a tunnel several feet straight in. At the far end a little room is hollowed out, and there on the sand the glossy eggs are laid.

The belted kingfisher is recognized by his blue-gray crown and his breast band. The male has a blue-gray breast band, back and sides, while the female has chestnut-colored sides and breast band in addition to a gray breast band.—Exchange.

## ONE WAY TO PAY.

How the Artist Raphael Settled His Bill at an Inn.

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated Biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life like many another genius.

Once when traveling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael in desperation resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table top in his room a number of gold coins, and, placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and summoned his host.

"There," he exclaimed, with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The landlubber, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud knew no bounds until a wealthy English traveler, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him \$50 for the table. —Stray Stories.

## A Famous Welsh Fortress.

Carnarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Eifreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carnarvon castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress." —Westminster Gazette.

## Proverbs of the Highway.

Thank the Lord that most of the deep rivers to cross are those we see in dreams.

Don't want a world so bright that we won't enjoy the glory that's waiting for us hereafter.

We spend lots o' time praying for Providence to help us, and it never occurs to us to surprise Providence by helping ourselves.

It's too great a compliment to trouble to be always hunting it—especially when you know the old fellow will come to you if you only wait for him. —Atlanta Constitution.

## Filling a Sack.

The clumsy performance of holding a sack and filling it at the same time can be simplified if the sack is hung in a barrel. Four curved nails are placed at equal distances in the rim, and the sack is suspended from these. When it is filled the sack can be easily removed.

## Question of Credit.

"Do you think the world owes you a living?"

"Yes. But the world's like a bank. You've got to go to some trouble to get yourself identified as the person to whom the living is due." —Washington Star.

## Like a Wet Blanket.

Hokus—I never knew such a wet blanket as Flubhub. Fokus—That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying pan into the fire he would put the fire out.

## The Reason.

"That young fellow is always complaining he cannot find an opening." "That is why he is always in the hole." —Baltimore American.

Give no relief to your inflamed passions. Take time and a little delay. Impetuously manages all things badly. —Statius.

## Smarty!

Wife (mildly berating her)—Let's see, what is the term applied to one who signs another person's name to a check? Hub—Fire or ten years, usually. —Boston Transcript.

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour?—Horace.

## Beau Brummel of Hawks.

He is the Beau Brummel of the North American hawks, among which he is conceded to be the handsomest as well as the smartest. He's the sparrow hawk and breeds throughout the United States, Canada and northern Mexico.

He stands around on telegraph poles displaying a suit and pepper vest, with a red and black long tailed coat, and all the other hawks are envious of his appearance and smart togethery.

Few birds eat such a variety of food as the sparrow hawk, who is the true American falcon. Grasshoppers, crickets, terrestrial beetles and caterpillars make up more than half his subsistence, while field mice, house mice and shrews cover 25 per cent of his annual supply. The balance of the food includes birds, reptiles and spiders.

In agricultural districts where new ground is being broken the sparrow hawk becomes quite tame, even alighting for a moment under the horses in his effort to seize a worm or an insect. —Philadelphia North American.

## Bluecher in the Hospital.

At the time of the Seven Years' war there was very little knowledge of surgery, and the surgeons were often no more than barbers, inexperienced and uneducated. They were commonly known as the "Company of Pain," a name that fitted them admirably.

Lieutenant Bluecher, afterward the famous field marshal, says Taegliche Rundschau, was wounded in the foot by a musket ball. At the hospital to which he was carried several surgeons began to probe the wound and cut promiscuously in its vicinity. Finally Bluecher inquired, in spite of the pain: "What sort of tailoring are you trying to do? The wound is large enough already, I should think!"

"We're looking for the bullet," answered one of the offended surgeons.

"Oh, oh!" cried Bluecher angrily. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I have it in my pocket." And with that he drew from his pocket the bullet, which he had extracted from the wound himself.

## When Greek Meets Greek.

The middle-aged American who was having his shoes polished looked down at the busy Greek lad who was bent on turning out a good job.

"Well, young man," he said, rather patronizingly, "I suppose you are lecturing to speak good English. By the bye, how long have you been in this country?"

"About one year, meester," was the prompt reply. "You live here some time, I guess?"

"Oh," answered the other vaguely, with a mysterious smile. "I've been here over a year."

The young Greek regarded his customer with suspicion for a moment and then, appearing to understand that he was being quizzed, said swiftly, with a dazzling smile: "Well, meester, I give you compliment. You speak very good language for so short while!" —New York Post.

## Song Writers and the Bowery.

The Bowery in New York has produced some of the greatest American song makers. It was among the old Bowery haunts that Stephen C. Foster found the inspiration for "My Old Kentucky Home," "Darling Nellie Gray," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "The Old Folks at Home" and "Gentle Annie." And down the old Bowery Howard and Charles Graham often wandered while humming to themselves the initial strains of such songs as "My Dad's the Engineer," "A Picture That is Turned Towards the Wall" and "Two Little Girls in Blue." But Foster and the Graham brothers, however, saw few of the golden nuggets that now gladden the hearts and eyes of song writers. —American Magazine.

## Usually the Way.

Bagshaw—I might have told him that if my reputation was as bad as his I'd be glad to lose it.

His Wife—I'm glad you didn't prolong the argument. You showed great self control in not doing so.

Bagshaw—It wasn't self control. I didn't think of it till after I got home. —London Telegraph.

## There Are Some.

"I just adore western men," gushed the girl who had never been west of Hoboken. "You are all so big and bluff and hearty."

"Well, when it comes to that," replied the westerner, "I've seen some pretty big bluffs right here in New York city." —Philadelphia Ledger.

## Wrong Beliefs.

Hosts of young men are reckless because they believe that by and by they can be what they will. Hosts of old men are hopeless because it seems impossible that they can ever be anything but what they are. Both are wrong.—Phillips Brooks.

## Bad Subject, (Buyology).

Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in Biology? Her Dad (dubiously)—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'll be wanting to buy too many things. —Boston Transcript.

## Your Fortune.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.—Rochefoucauld.

## Showing Himself.

"Jack must be out of debt."

"Why?"

"He's walking down the main street ash." —Michigan Gargoyle.

Happiness is generally a matter of taste, either of the past or the future. —Philadelphia Record.

## Kokomo.

Kokomo, in the language of the Indians who at one time inhabited that section of Indiana, signifies "a young grandmother."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## LOST IN LOVE.

All Weathers Were Alike to These Two Dreamers.

A Man and a Maid who walked along the garden paths were observed by the Moon, the Roses and the Night Wind.

"Here come two lovers," chuckled the Moon. "I will shine my silver best for their sakes."

"Here come two lovers," murmured the Roses. "Let us send forth our sweetest perfume to greet them."

"Here come two lovers," sighed the Night Wind. "I will whisper to them of the magic that lies in a summer night."

But the Moon suddenly blotted the smile from his face. "We will not trouble ourselves," he declared. "These lovers are the same two who walked the garden paths but yesterday. And for all we did our best to please them, what did they in return? They spoke no word of my beauty—either of them."

"And they never noticed us," complained the Roses.

"I remember them well," sniffed the Night Wind. "They only said, 'It is a beautiful evening!' and gave us no credit at all. Let us do all we can to punish them."

So the Moon hid behind the darkest cloud he could find. And the Roses withheld their perfume. And the Night Wind turned cold and rustled the dry leaves dimly, and even succeeded in finding a few stray raindrops and flinging them in a dank, grayish mist across the garden paths.

"It's a beautiful evening!" said the two lovers.—Ella Randall Pearce in Life.

## MEXICO HAS HER BASTILLE.

The Building Where the First Blow For Liberty Was Struck.

The Alhondiga de Granaditas (prison) in Guanajuato is one of the most historic buildings in the Mexican republic and will always be remembered not as a storehouse of grain, but as a prison, which it now is, but as the place where the first blow was struck for the liberation of Mexico from Spanish rule. Quadrangular in shape, with a central patio, a row of small Moorish windows near the top, the lower floor Tuscan, the upper Doric, the building has no architectural beauty.

At each corner is a large hook, from which in the days of the struggle for independence were hung four iron cages containing the heads of the great liberators—the patriot priest, Hidalgo; his military chief, Allende, and his comrades, Aldama and Juarez. Here they hung for years until removed by a worshiping nation to the altar of kings in the cathedral of the City of Mexico.

After the Grito de Dolores and the first ringing of the bell of independence Hidalgo and his followers moved on to Guanajuato, stormed the improvised fort of Alhondiga and killed all the Spanish troops that had taken refuge there. This was the beginning of the eleven years' war of independence.—Frank H. Probert in National Geographic Magazine.

## A Post Who Dreaded Fire.

Thomas Gray, author of the "Elegy," had a weakness in the form of a nervous dread of fire. His chamber at St. Peter's college, Cambridge, being on the second floor, he thought it likely that in case of a fire his exit by the stairs might be cut off. He therefore caused an iron bar to be fixed by arms projecting from the outside of his window, designing by a rope attached thereto to descend in the event of a fire occurring. This excessive caution led to a practical joke by his fellows. One midnight a party of students thundered at his door with loud cries of "Fire, fire!" The nervous poet flew to his window and slid down the rope to the ground, where he was hailed with shouts of laughter. Gray's delicate nature was so shocked by this rough joke that he changed his lodgings.

## Making It Even.

Sandy, the plumber, was working on a town job with an apprentice.

In the course of the forenoon the boss visited the job and, failing to find Sandy anywhere about the premises, decided to wait his return.

"Where have you been?" demanded the boss when Sandy put in an appearance.

"Gettin' ma hair cut," answered Sandy, quite coolly.

"And how dare you get your hair cut in my time?"

"Well, didn't it grow in your time?" —London Mail.

## Odious Comparison.

Drill Sergeant—I say, Smith, have you any idea how slow and stupid you are? Private Smith—I don't know. Drill Sergeant—Of course you don't, but let me tell you that an Egyptian mummy is friskier compared with you. —London Tit-Bits.

## He Knows.

It may be hard to convince a healthy man that health is more important than wealth, but a sick man understands it.—Athenian Globe.

## Correct.

He—A man who gives in when he's wrong is a wise man, but he who gives in when he's right is—She—Married!

## Corrected.

Sharp—I owe everything to my wife. Friend—Your memory is faulty. You owe a "divor" to me.

The fear of being found out is often mistaken for the prickings of conscience.

## Most Buoyant Material.

Probably the most buoyant material in the world is the pith from a giant emulmower grown in Siberia, which can support thirty-five times its own weight when on the water. Cork, on the other hand, has a buoyancy of only one to five and reindeer's hair one to ten.

## Indiana's Time Table.

Certain of the reservation Indians still cling to the calendar of their ancestors, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The Indian method was to compute time by sleep and moon. A sleep is twenty-four hours, and a moon is a month. There is also a midmoon, where the sun is at 12 o'clock meridian. This hour is indicated by pointing overhead.

When an Indian pointed quarter way up the sky he meant 9 o'clock; when he pointed quarter way down he meant 3 o'clock. Sunrise was the eastern horizon and sunset the western.

When there was a moon the time was indicated in the same way as by the sun. When an Indian added the distance to a certain place or how far he had come he would say so many sleeps or days' travel. A sleep, as a describing distance, was about thirty-five miles when walking deliberately or from fifty to seventy-five miles if going in haste with a message.

## Oldest Bank in the World.

It is thought that the oldest bank in the world is the Palazzo San Giorgio, on the Piazza Carmine, in Genoa. This institution has played a prominent role in the history of the Italian city. It was built in the year 1260 by order of Guglielmo Marconigra, "captain" of the republic of Genoa, and after serving as his residence was the headquarters of the famous company and bank of St. George.

It is held that the modern system of banking sprang from this historic edifice and that the Società Delle Comere di San Giorgio was the first "limited liability company." The architect of the building was a monk named Oliviero. Although its architecture has undergone a number of changes, the facade still speaks eloquently of the thirteenth century. Its arcades with pointed arches and its windows formed of little columns are exceedingly attractive.—Washington Star.

## Unreasonable Men.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Bridge, "on your way downtown this morning will you stop at the grocer's and order two pounds of butter and a half pound of tea and some crackers?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And would you mind leaving my skirt at the tailor's as you go by?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And then go to the milkman's and tell him to leave an extra pint of cream tomorrow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And when you get to your office will you call up my sister and tell her I'll be over Tuesday?"

"Yes, my dear. And, say, wife, would you mind sewing up this little rip in my coat before I start?"

"Good land, aren't you men terrible! You're always wanting something done." —Pittsburgh Press.

## The Bubonic Plague.

The bubonic plague of today is identical with the "black death" of the middle ages. Primarily a disease of rodents caused by a short dumb bell shaped microscopic vegetable, the pest bacillus, it occurs in man in three forms—the pneumonic, which has a death rate of almost 100 per cent; the septicemic, which is nearly as fatal, and the bubonic, in which even with the most modern methods of treatment the mortality is about 60 per cent. The disease is now treated by a serum discovered through the genius of Yersin. This is used in much the same way as is diphtheria anti-toxin.

## Cautious With Bill.

"When Bill Higgins goes to church they always pass the contribution plate to him before any one else."

"Why is that? Is he such a generous giver?"

"Not he. By passing it to him first they don't stand a chance of losing anything but the empty plate." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Fertility.

"So you think that this land would produce forty bushels of corn to the acre?" asked the newcomer of Farmer Bagges.

"Forty bushels an acre!" replied Bagges. "Why, that land would produce forty bushels an acre if it was never planted." —New York Times.

## Years of Discretion.

Bobby—Father, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion? Father—It means, Bobby, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun.

## Sheep.

Sheep spend more time grazing than do cattle and horses and will eat for twelve hours out of twenty-four.

## Stiff Shoes.

It is stiff leather shoes with a piece of flannel dipped in vasoline to make them soft and pliable.

+++++ PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. +++++

## Brace Up.

+ If you want to strengthen body +  
+ and mind, brace up. +  
+ If you want to get good health +  
+ and keep good health, brace up. +  
+ You who sit all day in one posi- +  
+ tion square your shoulders and +  
+ brace up. +  
+ The "consumptive stoop" does +  
+ not make for health. So brace up. +  
+ The slouch, the sag, the droop, +  
+ the slump are poor guarantees of +  
+ fitness. They endanger your +  
+ health and your job. Brace up. +  
+ Don't bow your back and round +  
+ your shoulders as if the burdens +  
+ of life were too heavy. All loads +  
+ will be lighter if you brace up. +  
+ +++++

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## BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

It Was the Last Serious Conflict of Our War With Mexico.

Chapultepec is the name of a hill three miles southwest of the City of Mexico, rising about fifty feet above the surrounding plain. On it the Aztec monarchs are said to have made their summer home, and here in 1785 General Iturbide, then viceroy of Mexico, began to erect an imposing fortified castle, which, though never completed, was used after 1822 as a military school. In the war between Mexico and the United States the hill was strongly fortified by the Mexicans and was the scene, on Sept. 12 and 13, 1847, of the last serious conflict of the war.

After the battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8, General Scott planned a movement against Chapultepec and on the 12th opened a heavy bombardment, under cover of which, on the following day, Generals Pillow and Quitman, supported respectively by Generals Worth and Smith, made gallant assaults, the former carrying the fortifications on the west and the latter on the southeast. The Mexicans, after making a stubborn defense, were driven in confusion back toward the city. On the 14th the Americans entered the City of Mexico, and the war was virtually ended.

During the three days (Sept. 12, 13 and 14) the Americans lost 633 killed and wounded, General Pillow being among the latter, while the Mexicans are known to have lost a much larger number. On the side of the Americans about 7,600 men were engaged and about 4,000 on the Mexican side.

## INSECT INVENTORS.

Clever Things Done by Spiders, Bees, Wasps and Ants.

"The best commentary perhaps on such a sentence as 'The inventor is just a clayvaynt who translates his forethoughts to castings' is that among our greatest inventors are the insects," writes James A. Ford in America. "As a warning reflection on human cleverness these insect inventors should not be forgotten. The wasp made excellent waterproof paper ages before man ever thought of doing so, and made it from weed pulp. We have been using that material only for a couple of generations.

"The bee and the wasp used hypodermic needles long before man ever thought of them, and the bee uses ferme acid as an antiseptic to preserve his honey from fermentation.

"The spider made the first suspension bridge according to all the rules of the craft, and some spiders make excellent airships. One of them even makes a diving bell.

"The bee makes a wax that we cannot imitate.

"The silkworm is still the unrivaled manufacturer of silk.

"To these we might add the ant, which makes tunnels and subways; the mason bee, with its cement work, and the great peacock moth, which calls his kind from a distance by wireless telegraphy. But to complete the story we should have to reprint Henri Fabre's books."

## Dye Before You Patch.

"Never patch a garment just before it goes to the dyer," was the advice of a young woman in a dyeing establishment. "Unless the patch and the garment is dyed with exactly the same kind of material as the garment that will come out of the dye pot different shades. Here is a blue skirt that was brought to us seven colors. The cloth had worn through in several places, and the owner had patched the holes so patchwork that the patches could not be detected in the original color, but after the dyeing they showed up a darker blue. The amount of dye any material will take depends upon how much cotton, wool or silk it contains. It is so hard to determine that exactly that any garment that has to be mended can be matched much better after dyeing." —New York Sun.

## Old Leather Bottles.

Leather bottles, or blackjacks, were common in Europe two centuries ago. The bottles were often made of one skin doubled up and closely stitched together, leaving an aperture for the neck. The stopper was made of wood, horn or old leather. A good deal of care was required in the preparation of the leather, which had to be oiled and worked with hammers to make it supple and then washed with a lye so that all the impurity was entirely removed, leaving the leather clean and dry. No moisture or air had any effect on it.

## Moth Killer.

If moths get into a closet saturate a cloth twelve inches square with formaldehyde; place cloth in the closet and close up tightly for twelve hours. The same plan may be used in chests, trunks or boxes where clothing is stored. The fumes will kill moths as well as their eggs.—New York American.

## An Obstinate Family.

Cholmondeley—I thought you intended to marry Miss Wealthington? Dolmondeley—I thought so, too, but her family objected. Cholmondeley—What did Miss Wealthington say? Dolmondeley—Oh, she's one of the family, you know.

## The Art of Optimism.

Live in the active voice. Intent on what you can do rather than on what happens to you; in the indicative mood, concerned with facts as they are rather than as they might be; in the present tense, concentrated on the duty in hand without regard for the past or the future; in the first person, criticizing yourself rather than condemning others; in the singular number, seeking the approval of your own conscience rather than popularity with the many. Whoever lives the life of such unselfish devotion to the good of others and of all and lives it in the active voice, indicative mood, present tense, first person, singular number, is bound to find his life full and rich and glad and free—is bound, in other words, to be an optimist.—William De Witt Hyde.

## The Old General Muster.

Under the old militia system that prevailed about seventy years ago the states were divided into districts, each one having a company to which all men of soldier age were required to belong and give a few days each year to military drill.

Every year there would be a "general muster," at which the various companies would gather and under the command of a planned and bespangled officer would perform the various evolutions and go through the manual of arms that would strike with awe the surrounding crowd of women and children gathered to witness the heroic displays of fathers and brothers.

These general musters were great events in the times of our grandfathers. They were social as well as military and often adorned with feasts of various provender. In one of his speeches Tom Corwin told of a general muster in which the brave militiamen, with bayonet and sword, charged on a pile of watermelons and cut the rebels out of the enemy.—Columbian Journal.

## Quite Different.

A tenant of Lord Halkerton, a judge of the Scotch court of sessions, once waited on him with a woeful countenance and said: "My lord, I am come to inform your lordship of a sad misfortune. My cow has gored one of your lordship's cows, and I fear it cannot live." "Well, then, of course you must pay for it." "Indeed, my lord, it was not my fault, and you know I am but a very poor man." "I can't help that. The law says you must pay for it. I am not to lose my cow, am I?" "Well, my lord, if it must be so I cannot say more. But I forgot what I was saying. It was my mistake entirely. I should have said it was your lordship's cow that gored mine." "Oh, is that it? That's quite a different affair. Go along and don't trouble me just now. I am very busy. Be off, I say!" —American Law Review.

## Difference in Complexions.

The difference in the complexion of people is due to the varying amounts of pigment or coloring materials in the cells of the skin. Very light people have very little pigment; very dark people, those with dark eyes and black hair, have a great deal of this coloring material in their cells. A great many people are neither light nor





## Historical and Genealogical.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with the facts. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. 7. Direct all communications to:

Miss E. M. TITUS,  
Newport Historical Society,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

## NOTES

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, 1892. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Since Mr. Hall's removal from the house in Thames St., it was known for some years as Mr. Anderson's boarding house. It is now replaced by Mr. A. C. Titus' extensive business establishment.

The next building now belonging to the First National Bank was owned and occupied by Mr. Thomas Clark, tailor, who had built it not many years before, but who, being an old man, did not live many years after.

After Mr. Clark's decease, it became the property of Mr. George W. Cole, who did a very successful grocery business there, for a long time, and lived in the house. He was succeeded in the occupancy by the Trader's Bank, known now as the First National Bank.

Many years before my recollection, the next store to that of which I have just spoken was the store of Ethan Clarke, Esq., of East Greenwich, afterwards, grandfather of Dr. Nathaniel Greene of Middletown, well known to us all, as was Mr. Clarke, to all Newporters, eighty to one hundred years ago, he having been a leading merchant here during a large part of a long life, in which he conspicuously illustrated the sterling qualities of industry, frugality and strict integrity. In my first knowledge of Newport, this store was kept as a grocery by Mr. Andrew V. Allen whose whole family, comprising a wife and several children, were drowned in the great gale of September 21st, 1815, his house on the Long Wharf being carried away by the excessively high tide, and the family being carried with it, with no chance of rescue. Mr. Allen was the brother of the late Samuel Allen Esq., and uncle of the present Mr. Samuel Allen.

Mr. Andrew V. Allen died of small-pox about 1830, having married a second time Miss Catherine Norris, daughter of Captain John Norris. Her mother represented the Freebody family, being a daughter of John Freebody, Jun., the elder brother of Thomas and Samuel Freebody heretofore mentioned at some length. Mrs. Allen, with two children, survived her husband for a number of years, but all are now dead.

Mrs. Allen was succeeded in the occupancy of this store by Mr. Samuel Barker, whose grocery was well known for many years as a very prominent and popular one, in which, after a lapse of some years, his son Robert Stevens Barker was associated with him by whom, after his decease, it was conducted for a number of years, and at his retiring from business, a new store was built in place of the old one, and is now occupied by Mr. Bennett as a clothing store.

Next the Barker estate was a house of considerable proportions in which was kept a dry goods store during the latter half of the eighteenth century by Thomas Green, known then by the sign of the Back's Head, and occupying the site of what is now the drug store of Caswell and Massey, which was built by the late Benjamin Bateman and named the Exchange building. Mr. Thomas Green was succeeded by his son, the Rev. Caleb Green, whose mother was Lillia Turner, half sister of my grandfather, Dr. Peter Turner of East Greenwich. By consequence the Rev. Caleb was cousin to my father. Before leaving Newport, Rev. Caleb was pastor of the Fourth Baptist church, and officiated in the building in Division street, formerly and familiarly known by the "Soubriquet" of the Salt Box which he was chiefly instrumental in building whence it was frequently called Caleb Green's Meeting-house. This stood on the spot where the Union Congregational Church now stands, of which Rev. Mr. Van Horne is pastor. The Rev. Caleb Green removed to New Bedford from Newport whence, after a few years, he again removed to Mechanicsville, New York, where he died many years after.

After the removal of Elder Greene, that being in those days the familiar title of all Baptist Ministers, and many others, this estate became the property of Col. William Moore who had his residence there. In my first recollection, it was a public house, kept by a Mr. Cobb, for a short time I recollect, probably in 1832, going there to see an Outang exhibited. After this, I have no associations with it except as a tenement house, with frequent changes of tenants, until replaced by the present building, which was occupied as a restaurant by Mr. Rice, so well known as steward in the Old Colony boats.

(To be continued.)

## Queries

5750. CHANNING, TREVITT—Mary Antram Channing, b. Boston May 3, 1717, d. May 27, 1762. She was the daughter of John Channing and Mary Antram, both born in England. Mary Channing married Eleazer Trevitt (probably of Newport.) I have no further record, and would be glad of any additional information, especially regarding any descendants of Mary and Eleazer.—H. R.

5751. FULLERTON—Edward Fullerton married, in Newport, Anne Howard. I would like to learn something about the ancestry of Edward Fullerton. Did he belong in Newport? I would like, especially, to learn of his descendants.—B. J.

## VOTERS

OF THE

## First Congressional District!

Gentlemen:

I am asking you to vote for me for Congressman not as an individual, but as the duly accredited representative of the Republican Party, its principles and policies.

I believe it would be unfair to Mr. Hughes to make him President and shackle him with a Democratic Congress.

I am asking you to elect me Congressman instead of my opponent because I will stand by Mr. Hughes and he will not.

Give Mr. Hughes full power, as well as responsibility, to make a strong American Administration.

Yours for the party,

EZRA DIXON

Bristol, October 31.

Probate Clerk's Office of Middletown, Ct.,  
October 31, A. D. 1916.

Estate of Alice P. Rogers.

JOHN C. LUTHER, the undersigned, with the authority of the court of Probate for the State of Connecticut, do hereby certify that the will of Alice P. Rogers, deceased, has been admitted to probate, and that the same is on file in the Probate Court of said Middletown.

And said will is now open to the inspection of all persons who may be interested in the same, at the Probate Court of said Middletown, on the first day of November next, at ten o'clock, a. m., of the said Court Room, in said Middletown, for a period of fourteen days, after which time the same will be closed.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the same, that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the first day of November next, at ten o'clock, a. m.

ALBERT J. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, October 28th, 1916.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of

EVA J. BANKS,

late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

CLARK T. BROWN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, October 28th, 1916.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of

ANNIE P. LEE,

late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARGARET A. LEE.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, October 28th, 1916.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of

EMMA S. BROWN,

late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ANDREW K. McMAJON.



## Fall Shoes

New styles for the present season in

## HIGH SHOES

FOR

## Men and Women

\$4.00 to \$8.00 a pair.

## SCHOOL SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Many styles, all leathers.

## Army Shoes

FOR MEN

Made of tan calf on the famous Munson last.

\$5.00 a pair.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

## VOTE UNDER THE EAGLE

FOR THE

## Republican Candidates

## HUGHES—and—FAIRBANKS

FOR GOVERNOR

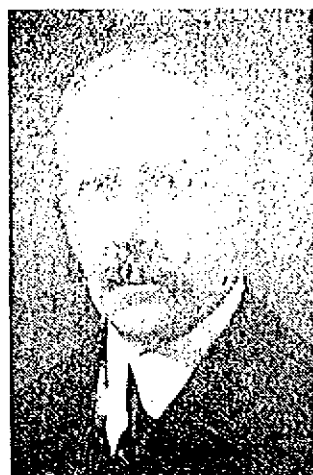
FOR U. S. SENATOR



R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN

Who Has Given the State  
a Clean Business Administration

For a Straight Ticket  
Make a Cross (X) Within the Circle  
**REPUBLICAN**



HENRY F. LIPPITT

Who Ably Represents Rhode  
Island in the National Senate

For Lieutenant Governor:

EMER J. SAN SOUCI

For Secretary of State:

J. FRED PARKER

For Attorney General:

HERBERT A. RICE

For General Treasurer:

WALTER A. READ

For Congressmen:

1st District—

EZRA DIXON

2nd District—

WALTER R. STINESS

3d District—

AMBROSE KENNEDY

## Thanksgiving Suggestions

A MONTH of mighty preparations for a day of entertainment and feasting. Plenty of time, we know; but it is none too soon for us to begin to plan with you, for us to tell you what we have for what you need and for you to look around to see what you need to have. You know it always is, every corner of the house taxed to its utmost capacity.

First of all are the bed rooms all in apple pie order for the guests who'll be here! Isn't there a piece of furniture that ought to be replaced, or a new mattress needed, or a rug or the draperies to be renewed? How about the living room where you will all gather after dinner, in the evening or the dining room—is the china and the glass ware all o. k.? Perhaps you've been thinking of a new suite of furniture for that room.

You've been anticipating all these possible needs and our stocks are full of smart things to fill every one of them. Never have we been so confident of our ability to pass along to you a house full of happiness as now. Come in the next day or so and let's talk it over, we can save you a number of real dollars besides giving you just what you are looking for.

## A. C. TITUS CO.,

225--229 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

## To the Heart of Leisureland

where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York City (with Albany and Troy the gateways) and

Lake George  
The Adirondacks  
Lake Champlain  
The North and West

The logical route is "The Luxurious Way"

Largest and most magnificent river steamships in the world  
DAILY SERVICE

Send for free copy of Beautiful "Searchlight Magazine"

HUDSON NAVIGATION COMPANY

Pier 42, North River New York

"The Searchlight Route"

6-17-16

## The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

Incorporated 1819.

Banking hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., Daily. Saturdays 9 A. M. to 12 M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916

Deposits made on or before Saturday, Oct. 21, 1916, begin to draw interest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

We pay 4 per cent. on deposits.